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"AS OTHERS SEE US."

DEMOCRATIC PARTY.—Ahem! There seems to be a leak somewhere in your house.
G. O. P.—By the way, neighbor, have you caught on to the little conflagration in your rear?



PUCK,
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from the
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Wednesday, October 5th, 1887.—No. 552.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE PEOPLE of the mid-west states have now an opportunity of making the personal acquaintance of a President whom they helped to elect, "on sight, unseen" as the queer old commercial phrase puts it. At least, they had only the word of one state to guarantee his integrity and his ability. And no man more cruelly and causelessly maligned, as to his motives, his methods, his private and his public character was ever elected to office. Mr. Cleveland could not have become President of the United States at the last election, had it not been that there were people enough in the East who knew his worth to wage in his behalf a most remarkable war against his opponent. Why this war was waged, by men who had theretofore belonged to that opponent's party, it may be well to explain once more. When James G. Blaine was nominated by the Republican convention at Chicago, in June of 1884, it was against the earnest protest of many Republicans, who declared their conviction that Mr. Blaine was not a fit man for the high office for which his name was proposed.

This conviction was openly and frankly expressed long before the convention met. It was not an after-thought; it was not whispered in secret. Openly, in the public prints, many reputable citizens told the nation that Mr. Blaine was a man whose low ideas of political morality would disgrace the chair of Washington and Lincoln. They produced their proofs of their assertion in letters written by Mr. Blaine himself—letters the authorship of which he never once denied—and which showed conclusively that, while he held official position, he had influenced legislation in favor of at least one corporation, and had asked for and obtained a reward from the people benefited by his action. We think that this is a temperate and undeniable statement of the facts in the case. We doubt Mr. Blaine himself would deny it—we know that he never has publicly denied it. Yet, in the face of this record, he was nominated.

What were the men who had protested against his nomination to do? Were they to say: "We dislike the man; but, for the sake of the party, we will support him"? Were there other considerations strong enough to counterbalance the consideration of the candidate's lack of political integrity? The question was thoroughly discussed, and the verdict of an important minority was against Mr. Blaine. It must be remembered that the men who formed this minority—this party within a party—had a thorough knowledge of all that Mr. Blaine had been and had done. They knew that his reputation for statesmanship rested on a very slight basis. He had never been the champion of any great principle. No notable measure was associated with his name. He had all his life followed the lead of his party, and his personal convictions on many great questions were hardly known to his friends. Moreover, he had begun life as a poor man, he had spent all his days in the service of the people, receiving from them only the comparatively small pay of a congressman or a senator—and yet he had accumulated a large fortune, presumably by methods at the best no better than those employed in the instance before cited.

The man being held untrustworthy, what claims had the party upon its protesting members? What grounds were there for making a sacrifice of principle and voting for a party candidate? No sufficient grounds were shown. There were no "vital issues" before the country. The nation was at peace; her material prosperity would not be greatly affected by any ordinary fluctuation of politics. There were but two "issues," so-called, that were really significant and prominent. One was the Tariff issue—an economic question for Congress to consider—the other was the issue of Civil-Service Reform—that is, of such a reform in the conduct of the government service as would take the distribution of public offices out of the hands of men who simply bought their way to power and wealth with government salaries, and put it into the charge of honorable men, who would make their selections of public servants solely with an eye to the fitness of the man for the place. That this was an important matter no tax-payer could doubt, seeing the influence of national mismanagement

upon local administrations. And the one hope of a better state of things was to be found in the election of a President pledged to this reform and certain to live up to his pledges.

The Democratic Party nominated such a man, in Grover Cleveland. The disaffected Republicans gave him their votes, threw their balance of power to the Democratic side, and elected him. They elected him. It was no accident, no blundering speech of the Republicans, no defection of any other element in the party. He was elected by independent votes, to do a certain work—or, rather, to begin it. That he has begun it, and in good faith; that he is willing and able to carry it on as long as the people entrust the task to him, we of the East have no doubt. After watching his three years of struggle against the two parties, united in their desire for the retention of the old system, we are willing to vouch for him now, as we did in 1884. When our Western friends know him better, they will know with us that we were right, three years ago, when we said that he was the man for the place, and a man to be trusted.

It is a good work that the international yacht races are doing—a better work than most people think. Of course they are obviously encouraging a fine, manly, hearty sport—at once healthy and healthful; and they add to the general fund of amusement. But they do more than this. They work bravely against the national diseases—materialism and utilitarianism. It is a fine thing to have a whole city turn out and bring with it the outpouring of hundreds of other towns, to go down to the sea and watch two yachts try which is the faster. It is a fine thing; a thing to remind people that there is something better in this world than money-making—that amusement is just as much a man's business as hard work—and that it is a joy to feel your heart beating with pride when your country's flag goes over the line first. If your heart does not beat then, you are a poor sort of fellow, after all.

With this issue of Puck is given a

PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND,

Drawn from Life by

MR. JOSEPH KEPPLER.

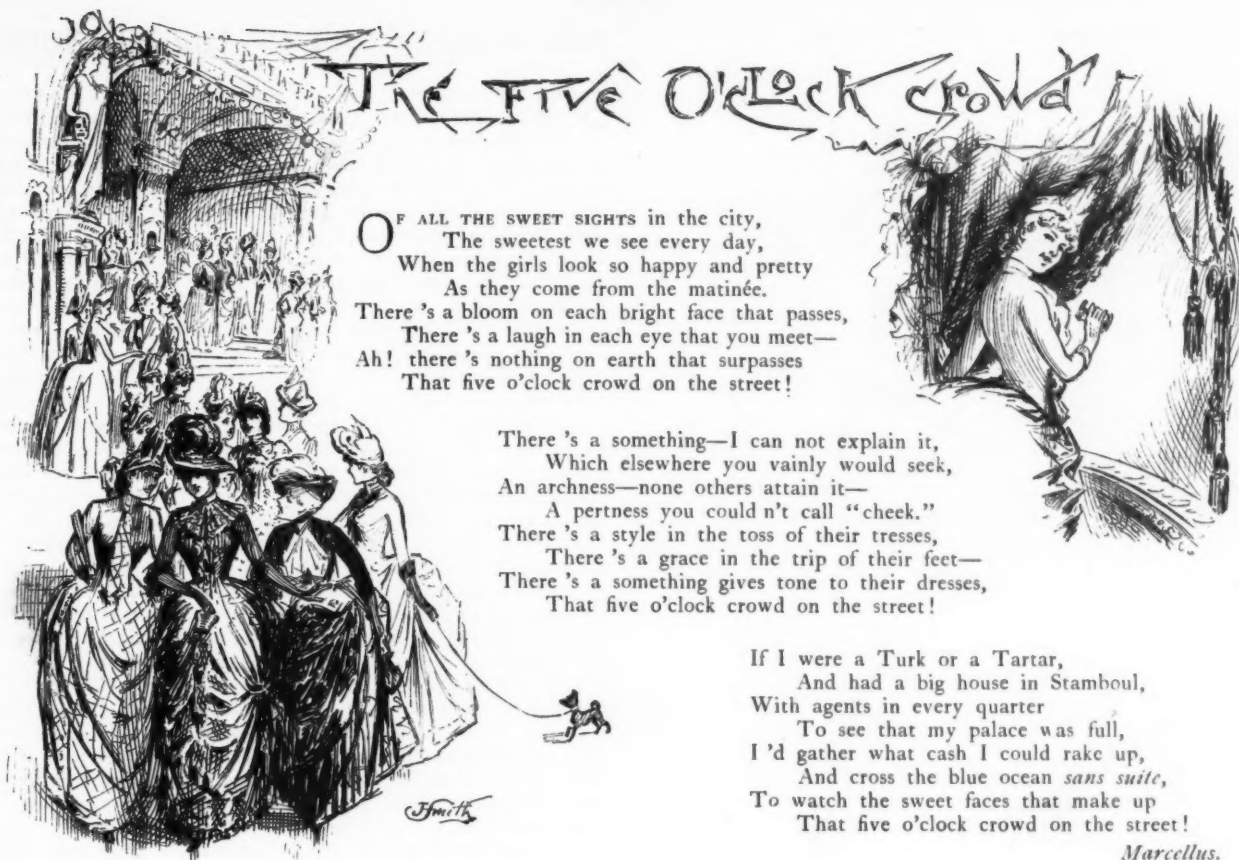
This lithograph is a reproduction of a water-color sketch, and is a companion-piece to the portrait of Mrs. Cleveland which was issued as a supplement to the X-MAS PUCK of 1886.

In our issue of October 12th we will print the names of the winners of the Second Prize for the solution of PUCK'S MIDSUMMER PUZZLE—one year's subscription to PUCK'S LIBRARY—together with the set of faces, as they should be, which will show all unsuccessful competitors how near they did or did not come to it.



THE BOUNDLESS BOY.

WESTERN CHILD.—Say, pop; does that man wear boys' clothes so as to ride for half-fare?



O F ALL THE SWEET SIGHTS in the city,
The sweetest we see every day,
When the girls look so happy and pretty
As they come from the matinée.
There's a bloom on each bright face that passes,
There's a laugh in each eye that you meet—
Ah! there's nothing on earth that surpasses
That five o'clock crowd on the street!

There's a something—I can not explain it,
Which elsewhere you vainly would seek,
An archness—none others attain it—
A pertness you could n't call "cheek."
There's a style in the toss of their tresses,
There's a grace in the trip of their feet—
There's a something gives tone to their dresses,
That five o'clock crowd on the street!

If I were a Turk or a Tartar,
And had a big house in Stamboul,
With agents in every quarter
To see that my palace was full,
I'd gather what cash I could rake up,
And cross the blue ocean *sans suite*,
To watch the sweet faces that make up
That five o'clock crowd on the street!

Marcellus.

NEWS FROM THE LECTURE FIELD.

THE LECTURE FIELD will welcome during the coming season a number of new and brilliant minds. We are able to announce the names of a few of these newly discovered stars, and the manner in which they were found. The Pettis County Bugle says:

Mr. A. Bob Crowe, of Missouri, recently ate thirty-five eggs in thirty-three minutes, and afterward drank a gallon of buttermilk. He has already signed a contract for fifty lectures in the East.

The Indiana Key Note says:

Miss Amanda Alvira C. Daggett recently fell from the fourth story window of a hotel, landing on her head on a stone pavement without breaking a bone or dislocating a thing. She is preparing a series of parlor lectures for the coming season.

Mrs. Mary C. Beggs, of this city, has just completed a crazy-quilt containing 14,862 pieces of silk and 149,694 stitches. Mrs. Beggs is in her ninety-eighth year, has eleven sound teeth and eats without glasses. She will soon start out on an extensive lecturing tour.—*New Jersey Herald*.

The Ohio Star says:

Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Snyder, of this city, are the parents of a child, now six weeks old, who was born with six teeth, and three toes on one foot and seven on the other. Otherwise the child is all right. Mr. and Mrs. Snyder have had a number of splendid offers to lecture, and have signed contracts with Eastern managers.

Miss Libbie L. Ludwig, of Crayfish Creek, Iowa, recently made and ate nine full-sized rhubarb pies in forty-nine minutes and twenty-nine seconds. She will lecture this winter.

Professor Tramp, who recently rode all the way from San Francisco to New York on the trucks of a freight-car, has prepared an illustrated lecture which he will deliver at reasonable rates.

Mr. C. Percy G. Hitchcock-Browne, humorist of the Dry Forks *Weekly Trumpet*, will give readings from his own works and a short lecture on his own life, illustrated with a magic lantern. Parties desiring his services will please send letters in care of the *Trumpet*. Competent critics declare Mr. Hitchcock-Browne to be almost as funny as Eli Perkins.—*Dry Forks Bugle*.

Mr. St. George Shelley St. George, who has made himself thorough master of the art of spending three thousand dollars a year on a salary of six hundred, will enter the lecture field this fall. The lecture will sparkle with little flashes of wit and humor, illustrating the manner in which Mr. St. George went hand-over-hand along the eaves of a ninety-foot building, and slid down a lightning-rod, while eluding his landlady and a four-months' board-bill. He will also give much practical information regarding the most successful methods of

escaping tailors, laundrymen, restaurant-keepers and liverymen. His lecture is being eagerly sought for by various fashionable clubs.

Miss Sarah Jane Pillsbury, better known by her *nom de plume* of "Ivy Leaf," who has had two poems published in the *Kansas City Stock Yards Journal* and one in the *Soap Manufacturers' Record*, will this Fall enter the lecture field with three lectures entitled: "True Ethics of Poetry," "Longfellow's Lack of Poetic Inspiration," and "Faults and Failings of Shakspeare and Browning." Miss Pillsbury will, at each lecture, read and have for sale a volume of her own poetry.

Zenas Dane.



RATHER AWKWARD.

Her father sat there for an hour telling funny stories; but Charlie did n't appreciate them as he might have done, had his coat-sleeve not been securely fastened to a pin in the back of her dress.

THE DOG OF George Marion, of Rensselaer, Ind., began barking at a hole in the ground. Marion dug down and killed one hundred and thirteen blue racers, and twenty-seven bull snakes. The dog is still in the hole hunting for the lie.

THINGS ONE would rather have left unsaid—*Punch's* jokes.

GATHERING AUTUMN LEAVES.



THE CURIOUS GIFT OF THE WHANGDOODLE.

SINCE THE magnificent cat-like spring taken by the science of natural history on the publication of "Goldsmith's Animated Nature," progress in that study has been comparatively slow. It is said of Goldsmith that so deeply did he investigate his subject, so philosophically befogged did he become, that, in the end, he either would not undertake to say, or even did not know in which direction the hock joint of a horse turns: but since his day it is only German scholars and Concord philosophers who pretend to arrive at this comprehensive breadth of horizon; and it may be taken as practically a fact that not until now, when I seize the pupil pen to set down the subtler peculiarities of the animal whose name heads this monograph, does natural history again become a progressive science. This may seem a trifle overweening, but the present is my second monograph, and I am already posing as a tireless investigator and a fearless blowhard.

The whangdoodle has for a *habitat* all that country where he is most frequently met by the hardy and intrepid hunter, but it is a strange coincidence that he is found, or at least spoken of, only in those regions where chestnuts flourish. The name whangdoodle is derived from *whang*, a whang, and *doodle* or *doddle*, (Fr. *duder*, Sp. *duda*, It. *dughliera*,) a small dude. The same word may be traced in the Sanscrit *umastra*. Compare Finnish *k-ruin*, Danish *Fjyg*.

In size the whangdoodle is too well known to need description. His weight is proportionate to his size. His pabulum consists of food of various sorts, which he takes by means of a curious apparatus evidently designed for the express purpose.

But the chief peculiarity of the whangdoodle is his ability to melt the human heart with the expression of his grief. The whangdoodle is generally of a gay and volatile disposition; but we know that it is sometimes the lightest heart that makes the heaviest mourning. The poignant griefs of the whangdoodle time alone can not assuage; and it is on this account that nature has bestowed upon the animal exceptional powers of lamentation: the idea being that when sorrow falls into his light heart the whangdoodle will mourn, and that when he mourns somebody will come up with a club and kill him. It is a beautiful instance of the perfect adaptation by nature of means to ends, that somebody generally comes.

The only imitation of the whangdoodle's aggressive dolor is that rendered by Anthony Comeskulk in weeping over the profligacy of mankind. Once when Comeskulk's friends heard him weep, it occurred to them—like an inspiration—to put him up against the whangdoodle on a mourning match. The preliminaries were arranged, an expert referee was appointed, and the contestants, coming on the ground, were stationed behind screens out of sight of the umpire. They then exercised their gifts. It is said to have been the saddest moment in the history of our country. When the wails had ceased, the referee controlled his emotion as far as he was able, and, pointing to the screen behind which stood the whangdoodle, remarked: "Indubitably behind that screen is a whangdoodle mourning for its first born; but behind that one—oh, boo, hoo-hoo—is a whangdoodle mourning for twins!"

So Comeskulk was awarded the prize, which consisted of the works of Rabelais for himself, and a government order on all book-sellers to sell nothing but expurgated editions of Little Red Riding Hood to every body else.

Williston Fish.

THE DECLINE OF "CHEVALRY."

IN MÆDIEVAL TIMES, the horse,
Unused to either shaft or pole,
Would arch his neck upon the course,
And gaily caracole.

Now, see yon cart-horse, modern beast,
Held up by shafts, clubbed with a pole;
There's no resemblance in the least;
Yet—he can carry coal.

Warren Seely.



WAS MR. HASBEEN A MASHER?



"MY DAUGHTER," said old Mr. Hasbeen, as he laid down his paper the other evening, after tearing off a small piece of the margin with his teeth, and shoving his glasses up into his hair: "I shall be obliged to ask you for a little information. What is a masher? It strikes me I can guess; but the word itself is entirely new to me."

The young lady defined the creature according to the latest accepted rulings for the season of 1887, and the old man continued: "That's about what I thought. We did n't use to call them mashers when I was a young man, but that's pretty near what I was. I don't suppose there was a single young fellow anywhere around who used to create such a favorable impression on the female mind as did your old father, when he got his other clothes on, nigh onto fifty years ago. Oh, I was a masher, there's no doubt about it!"

"You would n't think it, either, to look at me now; but you take me when I got my best togs on, with my light boots, and my brocaded silk vest, with a nice white dickey over my colored shirt, and my hair oiled up so slick that a fly would slip up on it, and I used to walk up to the village on a Saturday evening, I tell you the girls was all casting sheep's eyes at me, and I don't suppose there was one of 'em I could n't have had for the asking."

"But I was a deal too sly to have any regular stiddy company 'till I was dead sure of the one I wanted."

"First I'd go with one of 'em, and then with another, and all of 'em just dying to have me pop; but your old father was wary. There was 'Liza Barnard, and Minerva Cowes, and Sadie Fallow, and Rebecca Coulter, and Jennie Lambly, and ever so many more, sweet, pretty girls, completely stricken, as you young people say, on my 'style.'"

"Of course, that was before I met your mother; but I never had much cause to regret that I waited, though there was many a one among 'em, beautiful as the dream of a howry, who'd a-given her eyes to a captured gay young J. Algernon Hasbeen, now I tell you! But your wary old pa never gave 'em no chance at all."

Mrs. Hasbeen did not lose a stitch on the lamp-mat which she was building; but she suddenly asked sweetly:

"What was it Clarissa Creamer said to you when you asked her to come and be your bright particular star, and shine for you alone, down at the Methodist picnic in Beezly's grove?"

Mr. Hasbeen was thunderstruck.

"What do you know about Clarissa Creamer?" he gasped.

"Only that she told you," responded his wife demurely: "that she was n't in the exclusive shining business, just then, and that she guessed you'd have to shine for yourself a while longer. I would n't wonder if that was one reason why Susie Harrow said she could n't be your'n, when you asked her, coming home from the Fourth of July celebration down at Farmers' Corners. No girl likes to be a second choice, you know."

"And Abbie Baldwin, when you was paying attention to her, had another beau coming from the Center to see her all the time, that you did n't know about, else I don't suppose you'd have made such an ass of yourself as to get down on your knees, in the shady corner of the barn, to her, and get 'No' for an answer, as you did at her father's corn-husking."

"Mehet. Cheesny might have taken you, only she said she *did* want a half-way good-looking man, any way; and Mame Whayly was heard to remark that the only particular reason she had for giving you the mitten was, that before she tied herself down for life she wanted to see some prospect of being able to get enough to eat; and Mame was pretty well along, then, too."

"Carrie Carter and Lulu Hoey were awful thick when you popped to Carrie, and you might have known she'd tell Lulu all about how she refused you, and saved your making a fool of yourself with

BRANIGAN, the contractor, in a fit of good-fellowship with CALLAHAN, the paver, has blown him off in an elegant manner.

CALLAHAN.—An' phwhat's th' nem of thot dhrink, Mister Branigan?

BRANIGAN.—Thot is a Dilmonico shlug called a pussy caffay!

CALLAHAN.—It is? Well, be gorra, savin' yure trate, karyosene's an arruk-angel compared with it!



her, too; but you did n't. I don't suppose you ever got far enough to propose to Dorcas Oatman; but you probably would if her father had n't shown you the door that time and discouraged you. Patience Wheatland was the last one you asked before you asked me, I guess; and I never did quite understand why she would n't have you."

There was a long, long silence, broken only by the click of the needles, while Mr. Hasbeen mused. At last he asked softly:

"Mrs. Hasbeen, how did you find all that out?"

"Oh, I think a little bird told me!"

"And did you know it all when you accepted me for better or for worse?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Hasbeen, gently.

"And now, my daughter," said the old gentleman: "I realize more than ever what a jewel of great price I secured when I won your mother."

And, with a suspicious moisture behind his spectacles, Mr. Hasbeen took a match from the mantel-shelf, hung his coat, vest and collar on a chair in the dining-room, and went up to bed; removing the pillow-shams with a considerable more than his usual care.

C. N. Hood.



A MISCONCEPTION.

MR. CULBERTSON.—I'm promising myself the pleasure of giving you a genuine surprise, Miss Fargo. I want you to try one of Resteaux truffles. You don't get them in the West.

MISS FARGO.—Of course I'll be most happy to, Mr. Culbertson; but if I don't do very well, you must remember that we dance nothing but round dances in Omaha.

IF THERE ARE fences in heaven much of the pleasure derived from watching the girls climb over them will be lost. They will fly over them.

HOW HOLY must be the calm of retrospection which steals over the aged brain of Rev. Father Swembergh, of Orlando, Florida. During a long, peaceful, untroubled life in that region of flowers and balmy air, he has been the officiating priest at one hundred and thirteen executions, and four other red-handed murderers are at the binders.

CONCORD, MASS., is indeed a favored town. Emerson carried out his life-work under its shady elms; Hawthorne gave us the "Scarlet Letter" from one of its road-sides; the Alcotts and the School of Philosophy have ground their untiring mills of thought in its precincts, and now a Mrs. Brooks has started a livery-stable in its very centre.

IT COSTS from four hundred dollars to twelve hundred dollars a year to send a boy to college. The money invested on the four-hundred-dollar boy yields the greater returns.

AROUND THE BIER.



CLANTY.—It's th' purty cor-r-rpse

KELLY.—It's a shem th' good man shlipped his fwishtle!

MULLIN.—Th' han liest man on th' wur-r-rk wid a hod, Mrs. Cleary—t'anks—me poipe is full!

O'SHANE (*under his breath*).—Thim handles is afther coshtin' not liss than six dollys, Oi'm layin' me bets!

FARRELL (*also whispering*).—Sivin! They do be th' price tag an thot wan nigh Phelin's lift feet!

MRS. CLEARY.—Whirra, whirra, whirra! Oh, phy, oh, phy did he doie?—who-ee—who-oo! (Lave a sup in th' jug, John O'Shane;

yuse betthers is afther havin' t'roats as well as yuresilf.) Who-ee—who-oo!

YOUNG HEALTH OFFICER (*coming in*).—What did the deceased die of, my good woman?

MRS. CLEARY.—Plain innohence, dochter.

HEALTH OFFICER.—Innohence? There's no such disease in *materia medica*!

MRS. CLEARY.—Dom yure Frinch galleywoggle; it was plain innohence, Oi tell yez! Riley lift th' thrap-dure open on th' t'ird story av Dincen's new build'n', an' poor Phelim—divil th' bit he knew it!

CURRENT COMMENT.

THIS TIME it is Thomas Langley, of Davies, England. He weighs five hundred and sixty pounds; but as he objects to the sea-voyage, the Republican National Committee is unable to secure his services as a running mate for Wm. M. Evarts during the coming campaign.

DURING A STORM it is all up with an umbrella.

OH, WHY DON'T more men put an enemy into their brains to steal away their mouths!

THERE IS a popular impression to the effect that a woman can not keep a secret. Yet, who ever heard a woman say that her new black silk was partly made up of the old one?

AMONG THE distinctive but seldom-noted pleasures of married life is that involved in standing on tip-toe after a hearty breakfast, in an effort to hang a clothes-line on twelve-foot-high posts, with the step-ladder irrevocably loaned to a neighbor.

IT IS a little rough to vilify a man at a distance; but from authentic information received at this office we feel called upon to caution the Produce Exchanges of the country against dealing with N. H. Wilson, of Merced, Cal. He has just received an invoice of Egyptian wheat, three thousand years old, from Prof. Gil-den, of Boston.

BOSTON IS SAID to have very few mosquitos. No wonder. A mosquito would starve to death in Boston if it were n't for an occasional stranger.

RANDOM REMARKS.

"SOAP" IS THE TITLE of a recent novel. It can't be from the French.

IF A MAN can't find any thing else to do in this city, he can generally get the managing editorship of the New York Herald.

MOST PEOPLE get very little sugar in what they drink at the bar of public opinion.

AMONG THE saddest sights in the world is a Skeneateles woman showing the shop-girls at Macy's how much cheaper and better woolen foot-warmers can be produced at home than they can in metropolitan circles.

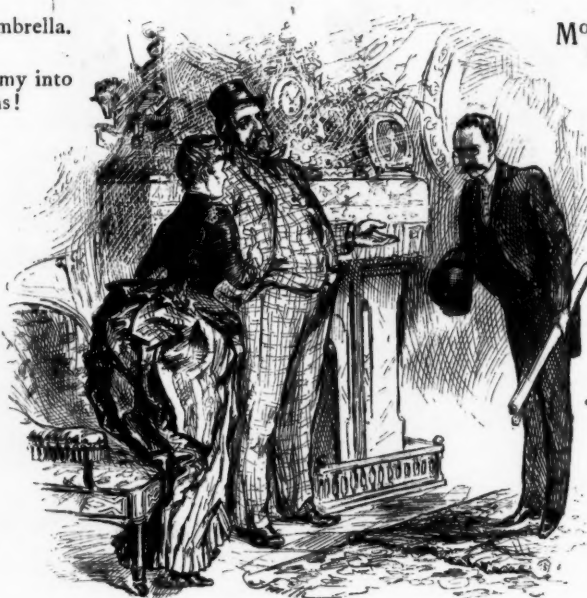
ROANOKE COLLEGE, VIRGINIA, receives ten thousand dollars by the will of Colonel Green B. Board, of that state. The Faculty is musing on the possibility of what the gift would have been had the Colonel been thoroughly seasoned.

"STEVE," SAID WILLIAM, a little shocked at his companion's profanity: "you mean to say that you've got a *very* good horse; not a *blanked* good horse."

"Yes," replied Steve, willing to be corrected: "a *very* damned good horse!" And William shook him.

AMONG THE victims of cocaine the medical profession furnishes the greatest number, which goes to show that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.

WHAT A SIGH of relief must have gone up from his relatives when Methuselah breathed his last!



UNFAMILIAR WITH THE PROFESSION.

MR. NEWGOLDER.—This is Mr. Lewis, our architect, Marthy. He's goin' to begin work on the new house at once!

MRS. NEWGOLDER.—Mornin', Mr. Lewis! (*to herself*.)—Don't like his style for a workman. Bet he never had a pair of overalls on in his life!

FROM THE WHEELER AND WILCOX POEM-GRINDING MACHINE.

A WALTZ.

YOUR EYES glowed on me, and your dancing hair
Flew backward from a damp and lofty brow.
My eyes drooped low before your fond blue stare,
The music shrieked and moaned—I hear it now;
I hear the measured steps, the swishing trains
That such sure pitfalls make for thoughtless speed,
Surging beneath the soles of headlong swains,
And bringing them, too oft, to grief, indeed!
I hear your heart, wild throbbing on the curve
Of my bare arm, as you uphold my weight
Through that swift vortex with a man's fine nerve—
The calm and glorious strength that mocks at Fate.
Not so! For down with blinding crash we go,
A passing heel has rent my flounce in twain,
The fall has burst apart my satin shoe,
Our waltz is done. I shall not dance again!

Earl E. Lyte.

HIS PROPOSALS.

He was about to pop the question to the girl of his choice, and was trying to decide how he should do it.



First he thought of the knightly proposal, in the style of the middle ages: "By my halidome, fair maid, say thou wilt be mine, and the holy friar shall unite us ere another sun gilds the turrets of the City Hall!"

Then he considered the theatrical style: "I have long loved you in secret, ge-ur-r-l, and though I am not rich, I can offer you the true and unselfish devotion of me whole ha-a-r-r-t!"

SUFFICIENT PROOF.

COUNSEL (to WITNESS).—You say, madam, that you were a member of the household at the time of the defendant's birth?

WITNESS.—Yes, sir.

COUNSEL.—And were in the house at that time?

WITNESS.—Yes, sir.

COUNSEL.—You can swear to that positively? Remember, you are upon oath!

WITNESS.—Yes, sir.

COUNSEL (with a look at the jury).—What proof can you offer that you were present when the defendant was born?

WITNESS.—I'm his mother.

NOTHING IMPOSSIBLE.

"Do you not wonder sometimes," asked a young writer of a friend: "how I manage to turn out so much poetry for the press?"

"No," replied the friend: "ever since I saw a man throw a double-somersault over eleven elephants at the circus last week, I have been of the opinion that nothing is impossible."

DIVISION OF LABOR ADVISED.



GALWAY.—P'fwhat koin'd av an owl is thot, sir?

AVIARY KEEPER.—That's not an owl; that's a South American macaw!

GALWAY.—Is thot so? Well, well; it's me thot's been t'inking.

KEEPER.—What have you been thinking?

GALWAY.—Oi've been t'inkin' it wud be th'square t'ing fer th'bill o' thot burrd to be changin' aff on th' roost wance in a phwile, an give th'Sout' American McCaull a rist.



THE GREAT TROUBLE with men who borrow from Peter to pay Paul is that they don't pay Paul.

AN ELEPHANT CAN now be had for five hundred dollars. Not a very large one, though. About half the size of the five hundred dollars.

THE DISFRANCHISEMENT of habitual drunkards is being advocated. Just think what a horrible lesson it would be to a man to walk up to him when he so full that the stopper won't go in, and say impressively: "You can't vote! So there, now!"

THE REMOVAL of one of Brooklyn's most gifted novelists to Buffalo, in the hope of improving her health, is suggestive of the man who got around on the other side of the cow to keep away from the flies.

"CAN YOU MAKE a fly-cocktail?" asked a Chevalier d'industrie of a Seventh Street bar-tender.

"Yes, sir," replied the man of liquids: "you jest watch me. You see I take a few squirts of the bitters' bottle, a drop of absinthe, jest a suspicion of gum, and—did you say whiskey or gin?"

"Gin," volcanned the thirsty one.

"All right; gin it is! Now I pour it out in this glass, squeeze a piece of lemon-hide in it, and—drink it, this way. Now, you fly—an' sudden, too—an' you've learned somethin'!"

MORIARTY.—Sure an I wud n't wurrk on that shcaffold, Slevin, an' git kilt, for a farrum!

SLEVIN.—Yez wud n't, eh; faith and I'd do that same, Moriarty; and whin I got kilt I'd have the farrum to farl back on!

A HEALTHY MAN playing sick is not half as funny as a sick man playing well.



He thought perhaps the easy conversational style might do: "Well, Alicia—I may call you Alicia, may n't I?—every one thinks we are going to be married! Ha! ha! Suppose we do get married, just to please 'em!"

But, after all, he did it something like this: "Er—Miss Alicia—er—excuse the familiarity; but—er—er—will you—er—Oh, Lord!" And then she came to the rescue, and said: "That'll do, Willie, dear; it's all right, and I know papa and mama will be so pleased!"

RIGHT SIDE UP WITH CARE.

CUSTOMER (in restaurant).—What's the matter with the cheese, waiter? It looks as if it might have been used to bait a rat-trap.

WAITER.—Yo' has got dat cheese turned upside down, sah. Dat's de side what's 'tended to be up. Now dat cheese am all right, sah!

A POPULAR DIVINE.

MISS FLOSSIE BOOKMARK (to new-comer in town).—Yes, we have two churches here, the Church of the Redeemer and Mr. Cooper's church; and we all like dear Mr. Cooper so much the best!

DOMESTIC AMENITIES.

WIFE (to HUSBAND).—Why do you refer to your friend Smith as an Enoch Arden sort of man, my dear?

HUSBAND.—Because he gives up a good salary to embark in a very uncertain business for himself.

WIFE.—But why do you call him an Enoch Arden sort of man?

HUSBAND.—Because he does n't know when he is well off.

ONLY A CHESTNUT.

"W HITHER GO YE, gentle boy?" inquired one of a group of idlers of a fair-haired youth who was hurrying along a crowded thoroughfare, a roll of MS. under his arm.

"Prithee, detain me not," was his impatient response: "I go to the office of yon humorous weekly to dispose of a merry jest which I have just written."

"And if, perchance, thou sellest it, wilt thou set 'em up?" asked the first speaker.

"Aye, marry, that will I!" answered the youth: "Wait ye all here at the portal. I will return anon."

"Tarry but a moment longer," persisted his companion: "What is the subject of thy jest?"

"The Mother-in-law," replied the young author, as he shook off his questioner's hand and began rapidly ascending the flight of stairs which led to the editor's studio.

The group exchanged glances.

"By the rood," cried one of them: "I would not take yon boy's place for half the kingdom! Didst mark his words? 'The Mother-in-law,' quoth he, an I mistake not. Was it not so?"

"Aye! And didst thou get on to the fact that his MS. was rolled? By my halidome, methinks 'twere well to get out of this, and that right quickly!"

"Nay, nay!" interposed another of the party: "thou speakest not well. We will remain and see the fun, and whilst we wait let one of our number go for an ambulance."

Ten minutes passed. With pale, compressed lips and wildly beating hearts the little group of men stood at the foot of the editor's stairway, when suddenly the young author appeared upon the landing above.

"Give me joy, comrades!" he cried: "My jest is accepted. I have received for it ten pieces of gold, and I have been commissioned to write three more articles on the same subject!"

In wondering silence his companions followed the sunny-haired youth to the nearest hostelry, where they remained until the ten pieces of gold were expended.

We almost forgot to mention that the scene of our story is laid in Chicago.

F. A. Stearns.

A MAN YAWNED so prodigiously the other day that he threw his shoulder out of place. Somebody must have been explaining Henry George's land theories to him.

A FASHION PAPER advises us that the latest new color just discovered is called "slapped baby." It ought to be in the pink of fashion.

AN EXCHANGE says that the Princess of Wales can ride on either side of the horse equally well. But is n't that the way the men ride?



is now in the garret I swing by my tail,
For I can't venture out on the street;
And the tunes of the organ don't make my
soul quail,
And life is both balmy and sweet.

No more in my little red coat I cavort
Up the pipe when the weather is raw;
And hear the boys shout in a spirit of sport,
When the hot penny burns through my paw.



SOME PEOPLE want the whole of the earth, and they get a hole of the earth. Merely a question of time.

THE RAVAGES OF dyspepsia are quickly dispelled by PUCK'S LIBRARY. Ten cents. Try it.

NO MATTER how hard a man may "run" for office, he never seems to get out of breath.

WATER is often muddy and deceptive; but gin is always as clear as the crystal truth itself.

A GUEST WHO is invited to partake of seven kinds of wine at dinner will never, if he is a right-minded man, criticise the cooking.

WHAT WE would like to see just at present is a three-dollar shoe, advertised with a cut, which shoe is not made of the finest calf, and is not the most perfect fit, and is not as good as an ordinary six-dollar shoe.

RED PEPPER may not be a great luxury; but, nevertheless, it makes one's mouth water.

A NEW YORK saloon-keeper staggers under the name of Pittschau, and gets hopping mad when his customers mention him, after drinking his liquor.

THE HORNET ALWAYS manages to keep his end up.

THE AMERICAN IDEA evidently is making giant strides in English journalism. The London Times recently had an editorial on the Constitution of the United States, the Pall Mall Gazette mentioned New York twice in a single issue, and the London Telegraph printed seven lines about the Chicago Anarchists—and all in the same week, too.

IF THERE were no World Expositions to award gold medals, what would become of the piano trade?

A TERRIBLE THREAT.

MR. SNAFFLE.—Put dat scrape on de slate, Peleg!

MR. BLUDD.—W-Wha' for?

MR. SNAFFLE.—Foh'-leven busted me las' narght. Yain't got no chinkers bout me!

MR. BLUDD.—Han' out dat ticker fer c'lateral, den! 'f yer don't, I'll shabe yo'again, en it 'll be so clos' yo' 'll look lake a annyatomical spec'men when I git froo! Yo' heah me!

TUA MUSICAL EAR Tua is a beauty and a joy. We know not how many strings she has to her bow, but it is plain that the public is violently in love with her.

WHEN OLD SNIFFKINS thinks his daughter's young man has stayed as late as the price of coal and gas will allow, he goes down into the kitchen and starts the coffee-mill, as an intimation that it is nearly time for breakfast.

A LOCAL PAPER recently printed a long article headed: "Race Horses under the Hammer—Many Fine Animals Knocked Down." Mr. Henry Bergh's attention is S.P.C. Ally invited to this matter.

AN EARLY FROST is expected. Mrs. James Brown Potter will soon return to Tuxedo Park, and the mercury will crawl out of the bottom of the thermometer and dig a hole in the ground.

ANIMA FALERNA.



SIT I TILL the east grows ruddy,
Where the toasts fly thick and fast;
Sit I lonely in my study,
Sipping visions of the past:
Wheresoe'er the glass I search in
For that joy the vintage brings,
There I see a laughing urchin
With a pair of fluffy wings.

And his curls are fair and sunny,
And his merry eyes are blue,
And he has a bow—it's funny,
But it's absolutely true—
Though he winks at me so plainly,
Peeping o'er the crystal brim,
Yet I drain my glass, and vainly
Seek to find a trace of him.

Still, I'm rather superstitious
When my youth I thus renew;
And I sometimes feel suspicious
That I've drunk the urchin, too.

Duffield Osborne.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

A good way to take an ink-stain out of the floor is to use a jack-plane.

To get a table-cloth thoroughly clean, stand over the washer-woman when she is at the tub, and beat her with a piece of lead-pipe.

If you would never have tainted fish, use always the kind that is salted.

To rejuvenate plums, dye them.

To get rid of rheumatism in the bones, give the gardener a day off, and do his work.

If you can't wash the dog clean in a tub, put him on the stove and boil him. Never roast him.

A good thing for mosquitos is a dreamy fat man.

To keep shutters from slamming at night, remove them every afternoon.

WE HAVE BEEN READING THE NEWSPAPERS.

The Khédive's wife is twenty-six years old, and extremely beautiful. She has blue, green, black, purple and hazel eyes, and is a fair blonde-brunette, with slight, stout, medium carriage, and a scanty abundance of long, yellow, short, black, red hair, and answers to the name of— (our dictionary of Egyptian proper names has escaped).

Part of her died the other day, but the rest is enjoying perfect health.



TOO, TOO SOLID.

HARD-WORKING PARTY.—Easy, boss, easy! This ain't no Krupp gun foundry balance!

SOME CORRESPONDENCE.

BRIDGEPORT, Ct., Oct., 1887.

PELEG FINDEM, Esq., St. Louis, Mo.

My Dear Sir:—Acting as my agent, you have been very successful in securing freaks in the West, and your girls with big feet, big hands, big jaws, and general bigness all around, have been great cards.

For the season of '88 I am desirous of securing a young lady with big ears to join the aggregation. Will pay a handsome salary and furnish raw silk ear-muffs in cold weather. Let me know what you can do, and believe me,

Yours sincerely,

PHINEAS T. BARNUM.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct., '87.

PHINEAS T. BARNUM, Esq., Bridgeport, Ct.

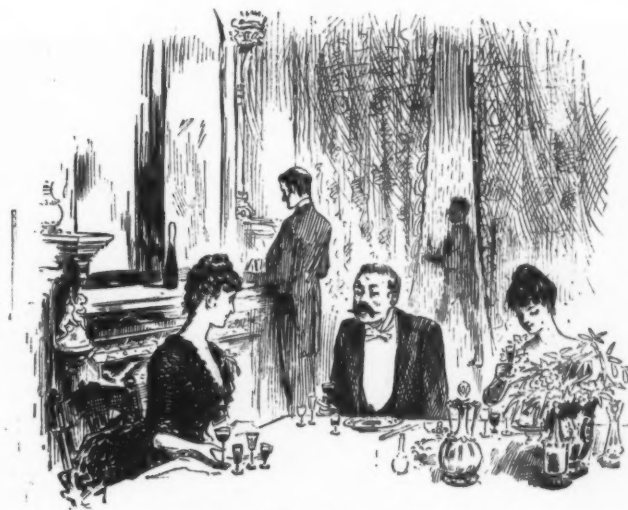
Dear Sir:—On receipt of your favor of Oct. —, I immediately advertised for the attraction you mentioned. I have to say that on that date the female population of St. Louis was in the vicinity of 185,000. It is now 163. The balance is on its way to Bridgeport. Kindly forward check for commission, at usual percentage per head, and oblige,

Yours respectfully,

PELEG FINDEM.

IT TAKES MORE than the laying on of hands to cure a ham.

THE MARQUIS OF MEDFORD is dead, and Boston mouths are watering-and-sugaring in anticipation of a broaching of his cellars in settling the estate.



AN EXPERT IN WINES.

MRS. VENDÔME (a Boston hostess).—Are you fond of claret at dinner, Mr. Lakeside?

MR. LAKESIDE (a Chicago young gourmet).—Very, Mrs. Vendôme. I think at dinner, claret, with a little sugar in it, is absolutely essential!

SMOKING CAR, STAMFORD SPECIAL.

WHIST-FIEND (to acquaintance appearing in door-way).—Here you are, Fezzy! Deck 's smokin' for you! This gentleman next the window 'll give you his seat, being it's to make up a game among friends, and you and me 'll poison the New Rochelle contingent. You 'd just as lief sit on the stove, would n't you, sir?

GENTLEMAN (next the window, in a husky voice).—I'd be glad to oblige you, but I was carried in here, and am so weak I can't stand up. The doctor hopes it is n't smallpox; but I d' know—I d' know—

And the brakeman whistled: "Empty is the smoker, now the truth is known."

PREFERRED.

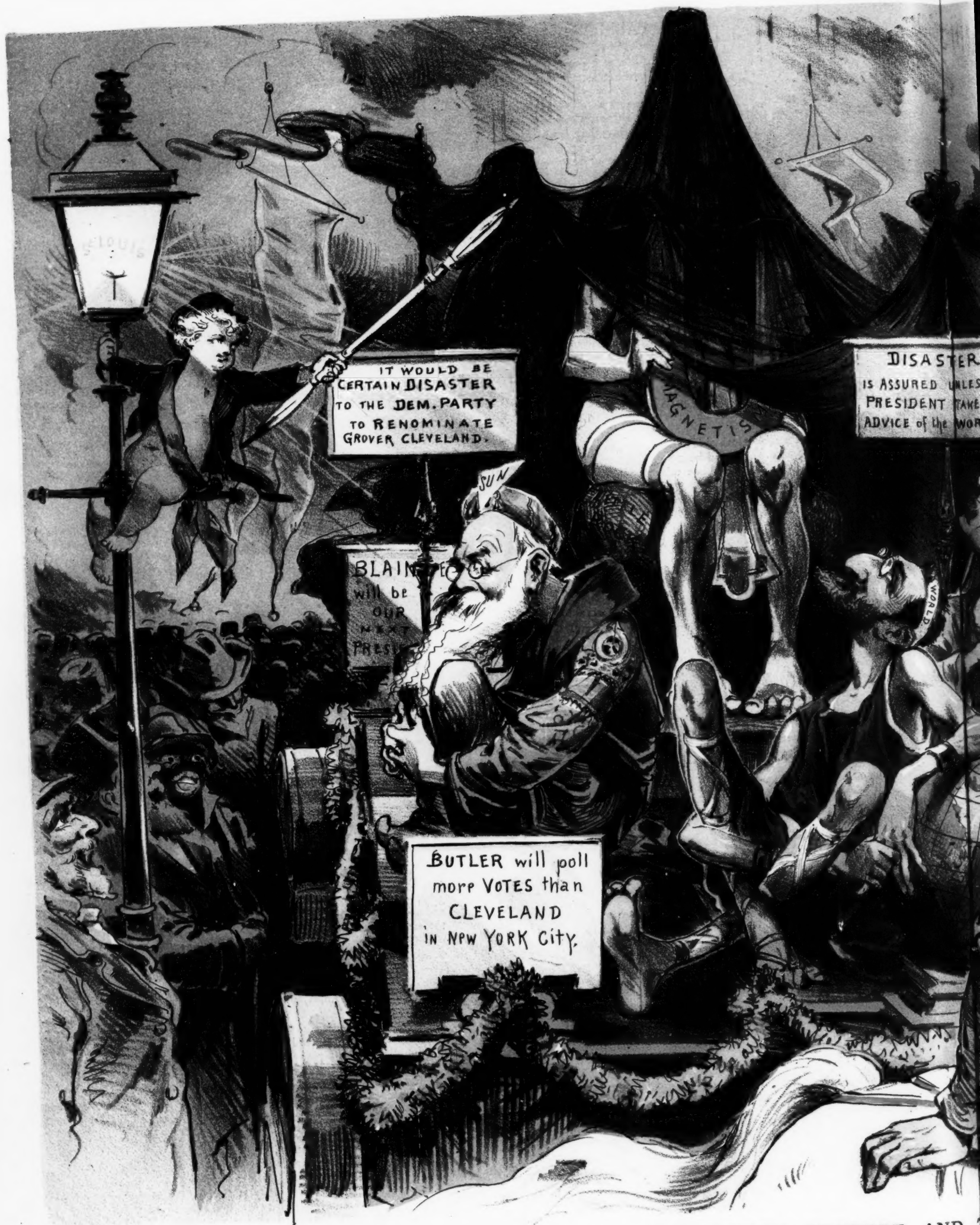
INVALID (engaging a companion).—Your duties will be very light. I shall expect you to attend to my small correspondence, drive with me occasionally, play the piano twice a week, and read the papers aloud.

APPLICANT.—Do you include the Sunday papers?

INVALID.—Why, yes.

APPLICANT.—That settles it! I've had an offer of marriage from a Mormon with four other wives and eighteen children. I think I'll accept it. Good morning!

OH, TELL US NOW, won't you, Ignatius,
The author of "Beautiful Snow?"
And there's the "Bread Winners," by gracious!
Who wrote it we'd just like to know.
Were Longfellow's poems by Longfellow,
Or were they writ by s'mother song-fellow?



THE VEILED PROPHET AND

PUCK.



AND THE UNVEILED FALSE PROPHETS.

A SERMON TO THE MAN OUTSIDE.



THE MAN whut hangs round de meetin'-house door,
When he orter be prayin' widin,
Oh, he won't be found nowhar on de floor
When de jubilee waltzes begin.
He won't be axed to de hallelujah ball,
Whar de saints keep er-dancin' all night,
Whar de banjo-picker am de boss ob all,
And dey don't go home till de comin' ob de light.

You ole black sinner, a-grinnin' out dar,
You mighty better shuffle along,
And bend down yer knee and j'ine in de pra'r,
And lit' up yer voice and sing de song;
Fur it 's jes' as sartin as yer nose am flat,
And shore as yer rusty huffs am big,
If yer don't come along and pull off yer hat,
Yer 'll nebber shake yer leg in de new-fangled jig.

If yer wants ter waltz up dar in de sky,
Whar only de good ole folks can dance,
Yer 'll hafter stop winkin' yer ole red eye,
And den put on de penitent pants.
Yer need n't ter laff and yer need n't ter grin,
Yer don't desibit no funny tricks—
If yer don't stop er-laffin' and come right in,
I 'll come out dar and bus' yer ole head wid er brick.

VINELAND, N. C.

James Chester Rockwell.

ON THE WRONG TACK.

THERE IS A young man on one of the daily papers in a city not a hundred miles from this, who is the yachting reporter, and also assists in doing musical criticism. He is a very obliging young man, and very seldom refuses an invitation to step round the corner and see how the excise laws are working. One day last week he spent his afternoon in looking up some yachting news, and in the evening he went to a concert. After the concert he adjourned to a neighboring resort, where he wrote up his copy and sent it down to the office. This is what the managing editor received at 1 A. M.:

"Miss Florence Simpson's grand concert took place last evening in Hallgarten Hall, in the presence of a large and distinguished audience. The tide was half-flood, the wind N. by N. W., $\frac{3}{4}$ N., and the sky rather squally. It was a fine night for a concert, and the way some of the old dowagers running down the centre aisle cracked on sail would have delighted an old-time clipper-ship skipper. Though the weather did look squally, every blessed one of the old hookers had up her topmast stu'n's'ls, and was boiling along at about twelve knots an hour.

"The concert began with Weber's familiar and well-loved overture to 'Oberon.' The preparatory gun was fired at 7:15, and the starting signal was given at 8:05. The conductor of the orchestra sent up his club topsail, and then let it go down by the run. The first violins crossed the line with the wind aft, sliding along as peacefully as molasses. All had their spinnakers up in stops, and broke them out soon after crossing. Never heard spinnakers make such a racket in my life. The double basses were admirable in unity of sentiment and precision, but even with their maintopmast staysails up they were no match for the single stickers.

"When the fleet was off the lower hospital island, Miss Florence Simpson, who had been loafing about in the rear, came up with a rush under full sail; but as soon as she struck the front of the stage, a lively squall swept down from the W. by N., and she took in all her light canvas, skimming along like a bird under reefed lower sails. Her lines showed well, and there is no denying the fact that she is a veritable skimmer of the high seas; and, before the present racing year is over, will bring some of the knowing ones to grief.

"Miss Simpson has a clear though small soprano voice, which she uses with considerable judgement, showing the results of careful school-



ON STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

ST. LOUIS YOUNG LADY IN SMOKE-COLORED GOWN (who always buys her boots and hose in Chicago).—Oh my, what a horrid smoky city Chicago is!

SEMITIC CLERK, UP WITH THE TIMES.—But, my dear madam, you just ought to see St. Louis! (He has never been in St. Louis in his life.)

ing; but just before rounding the lightship she carried away her weather back-stay, and had to be handled rather gingerly after that. She's a stiff boat in a breeze of wind, having her greatest beam at the waist, where she needs it most.

"Miss Simpson sang 'E Susanna non vien,' from Mozart's 'Nozze di Figaro.' When she gets about four feet added to her topmast, and a new bobstay plate put in, she will probably resume her old form and show the whole fleet her wake. The race was not sailed inside of the stipulated eight hours; but Wagner came in ahead, crossing the line about sixty yards ahead of Beethoven, who had to luff up close to avoid running down the A. Dvorak, a fishing smack, which seemed to think it owned the earth and the waters under the earth."

This article was framed and hung up as an evidence of good faith and bad libations.

Tricotrin.

A THEATRICAL THINK.

While Crummles's Pump
Was always a trump,
The "Dark Secret's" tank
'S as good as a bank.

AVERSE TO THE DAIRY MADE.

Oily margarine butter
May b-utterly utter,
Made from soap fat and leaf-lard
gray;
But you can't make cheese
Out of axle-grease,
Because it ain't built that whey.

A HAPPY ACCIDENT.

The rail gave way, and over she
went,
Just clearing the side of the
guard.
The water was deep, but it failed
to engulf;
She was "hoist by her own
foulard."



BEER AND WATER—A STUDY OF NATURAL SELECTION.

Is This So?

A few years ago a little book fell into our hands, recounting the experience of a certain prominent business man, from which it appeared that, as with most Americans, too close attention to business had broken his health. The doctor said he could not live. He then stated that he used a certain article which effectually cured him, and "out of gratitude for his own recovery he determined to devote a portion of his fortune to spreading its merits before the world."

As we read it we said: This is evidently a shrewd expression of a commercial motive; it sounds well; it reads well; but many people will not believe it.

In a few years, however, that man got famous the world over. He gave several hundred thousand dollars to astronomical research, and his name became a household word in nearly every home in the United States.

Hundreds of thousands of people to-day, without reservation, say to this man alone they owe their lives.

If ten men are collected together the chances are that if one man incidentally refers to Warner's safe cure, seven of them will be able to tell, from their own experience or from the experience of their friends, of marvelous results which that remedy has wrought.

Nothing has ever been put on the market, we are told, the sale of which has been so great and kept up so wonderfully, and this alone is evidence that merit is at the bottom of its popularity.

The manufacturers have stated, as the result of their most careful investigations, that the condition of the kidneys is the key to health, and that they know if the kidneys are maintained in health by Warner's safe cure, ninety-three per cent. of diseases would disappear.

The uric acid, or waste of the system, left in the blood, by what may be called constipated kidneys, blocks up the system and carries disease to every organ.

This statement, made time and time again, is so full of sense that it is now accepted as a scientific truth by insurance companies who reject millions of risks every year if there is the least inactivity of these organs.

The public is tired of the wrangles of this school and of that school, and it is quick to recognize any thing that has such conceded merit, and on this ground alone can we account for its extraordinary sales and popularity.

"Here lies Pat:
30 Ætat;
Base-ball bat:
Requi-
scat."

—Cleveland White.

CHICAGO ANARCHIST.—Yes, you bloated aristocrats are—

WALT WHITMAN.—Your pardon, friend; I am Walt Whitman, the poet.

"All the same you—"

"My poems bring me in only one hundred dollars a year, and I have to live on it."

"Eh? That's an outrage, an outrage against suffering humanity. You come with me, Herr Whitman, and I'll show you how to make dynamite bombs. Then you'll get rich."

"Making bombs?"

"No, throwing 'em. Throw 'em at folks who won't buy your poems."—Omaha World.

THE proprietor of a restaurant at Albany, N. Y., shot himself one day while waiting for breakfast in his own place. People after waiting for an hour for a meal to be served in a restaurant often feel like shooting the proprietor, but this is an entirely new idea for the proprietor to kill himself.—Peck's Sun

"THE man who wants more than he earns," said Dr. McGlynn, the other day: "is a hog. If a man takes less than he earns he is a fool." Dr. McGlynn is said to charge fifty dollars a night for lecturing.—Norristown Herald.

It is said that Miss Susan B. Anthony has never forgiven her brother Mark for his infatuation with Cleopatra.—Nebraska State Journal.

Courts, Connaisseurs and Doctors.

Notwithstanding the art of wine-making is older than history, and the Chinese distilled liquor thousands of years ago, it is a source of wonder that champagne was unknown until 1688, and scarcely less wonderful its universal distribution among all nations in so short a time. Among the oldest houses in Reims are the Mumm—whose wine has reached the acme of perfection in "G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry Champagne." Its uniform purity, dryness, and delicate bouquet, has made it the favorite of courts and connaisseurs, and its comparative freedom from sugar and alcohol commended it to medical men. The authority of Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, Dujardin Beaumety, and Prof. W. W. Dawson, and the rest of the medical world for the use of Mumm's is good enough for us—never mind the courts and princes.

In this and the ten previous Pucks the "Gurney Hot Water Heater Company," of Boston, Mass., have treated the readers of Puck with a *continued story* of no little interest and importance. In a terse and concise manner they have acquainted us with the many advantages of hot water heating over every other manner of heating houses. He who is at all acquainted with the laws that govern heat and cold must confess that the reasoning of the Gurneys is sound, that their logic is uncompromisingly correct. If you have not read their "continued story," you ought to do so at once, for it will unquestionably interest you more than any thing else. See Puck No. 542 (p. 361), 543 (p. 377), 544 (p. 393), 545 (p. 409), 546 (p. 424), 547 (p. 13), 548 (p. 29), 549 (p. 45), 550 (p. 61), 551 (p. 77), and 552 (p. 95).

If enterprise, progress, business-judgement, and mercantile honor are concentrated in any firm in the piano-manufacturing business, that firm is Sohmer & Co. Having commenced business but a decade of years ago, the name of Sohmer is to-day a household word in every city and town in the country where music is loved and cultivated. In fact, so well-established is the name of Sohmer, that, in nine cases out of ten, unconsciously, as it were, it is followed in the mind by the word "piano."

THE BEST TEST OF SUCCESS IS SUCCESS!



Tested and proved by over twenty-five years' use in all parts of the world, ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have the indorsement of the highest medical and chemical authorities, and millions of grateful patients who have been cured of distressing ailments voluntarily testify to their merits.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable. They are mild but effective, sure and quick in their action, and absolutely harmless.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentations.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

GUIDE to good HEALTH

Is the title of a pamphlet, the perusal of which can be warmly recommended to all invalids. Whoever entertains any doubt as to which of the many advertised Remedies would be the most efficacious and suitable for his particular complaint, should at once procure this little work, which is based on twenty years' experience. It will be sent gratis on application to Dr. RICHTER'S Publish. Office, 310, Broadway, NEW YORK, or 1, Railway Place, Fenchurch Street, London E.C.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK, I, II and III Crops.

Price, Twenty-Five Cents Each. By Mail Thirty Cents

MAGIC LANTERNS. \$1.50
40 Views, Screen,
Tickets, Programmes.

STEAM ENGINES, 35c.

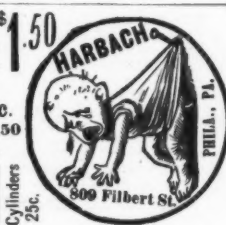
MUSIC BOXES, 50c.

Photographic Outfits \$2.50

CATALOGUES FREE.

GEN MUSIC BOX, '6

Concert Music Box, '12



PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

75 Cents. By Mail \$1.00.

MONTE CRISTO WHISKEY.

RICH, SOFT, DELICATE IN FLAVOR.
THE BEST PRODUCED.

CHILDS & CO.,

543 & 545 10TH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Shipped to all parts United States. Orders by mail promptly filled. Send for price-list.



FRED: * * BROWN'S GINGER

Used on flannel instead of
a Mustard Plaster,
WILL redden the skin, but
WILL not blister.

*Fred Brown
Phila. Pa.*



BUY THE BEST and only SATISFACTORY OIL BURNER The Royal Argand.

Large White Light, 65 Candle Power.

IT WILL FIT ANY LAMP.

Absolute safety. Can not explode.
An Automatic Extinguisher. No
blowing out the light. Perfectly
simple. Easily rewicked. The light
is steady, without flicker.

RESTS THE EYES.

A Burner and Chimney mailed to
any part of the country for \$1.25.
Liberal discount to the trade.

SALESROOM, ALSO LAMPS,
1 Barclay Street.

NEW YORK BRASS COMPANY.

It is somewhat comforting to note that it is generally the man who can not swim who rocks the boat at the picnic.—*Lowell Citizen*.

MR. JOHN L. SULLIVAN's powerful dexter fist is a striking illustration that all men have not equal "rights."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

It is said of Themistocles that he could call by their names all the people of Athens, which city then numbered twenty thousand inhabitants. Themis. was pretty smart, but we have our opinion of a man who memorizes the names of a city's entire population in order to have an excuse for not buying a copy of the City Directory when the agent comes around with the book.—*Norristown Herald*.

UNDERWOOD SPRING WATER.

The Best Table Water in the World.
PREVENTS BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

OFFICE: 18 VESEY ST., N. Y. CITY.



This lady's hair looks very pretty.
It is all "her own." Not very heavy
nor thick, but it looks so. It is because
she wears the Braided Wire



(Patented March 9, 1886.)

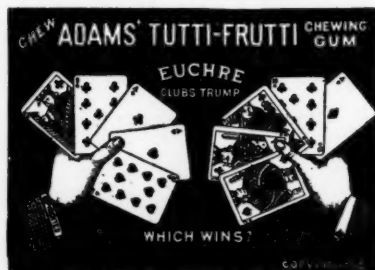
MIKADO HAIR ROLLS,

which weigh only $\frac{1}{2}$ an ounce each,
and do not heat the head, as wool or
hair will. By holding the hair out
loose they keep it from getting musty
or gathering dampness from perspiration.
They are made to match any
color hair. Sold by all dealers.

If you do not find the "Mikado" where you trade,
we will send one by mail, post paid, for 15 Cents, two
for 25 Cents.

THE WESTON & WELLS MFG. CO.,
1017 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

Please mention Puck.



I know of cases where the chewing of your Gum for a short
time before and after each meal has given relief to certain forms
of dyspepsia.—*R. Ogden Doremus, M. D., LL. D.*
Chemical analysis show its ingredients to be pure and health-
ful.—*The American Analyst*.
Adams' Tutti Frutti Chewing Gum is entitled to especial praise
and recognition.—*The American Analyst*.
Chewing Gum before eating and between meals increases the
flow of saliva and so aids digestion.—*Amherst College Gymnasium
Directions*.
This Chewing Gum is made from the sap of one of the finest
Fruit Trees in Mexico, (the Chico-Zapoti) consequently it is purely
vegetable substance. It is a guardsman to defend you against
coughs and colds, and is admitted to be one of the best purifiers
of the breath by all refined people of this and other large cities. It
is a delicious preparation.—*The New York World*.

ADAMS & SONS,

Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners.

NEW YORK.

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 119 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, ILL., 209 Wabash Avenue.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 922 Market St.

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Matchless Minstrelsy.

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If our memory has not failed us, it was Nero who fiddled while Rome was burning. It has long been a subject of grave mystery why Nero should have fiddled. Some philosophers agree that Nero would have a better business reputation to-day if he had been helping the fire department, or looking out for his insurance policies. But this is not the reason he fiddled. He fiddled because he wanted to soothe his feelings with music, and had no Sohmer Piano to play on.

If he had had one of these peerless instruments, he would have possessed a sweeter temper, and would not be known to-day as a tyrant and nothing else. He would have been so infatuated that he would have spent six hours a day practising, and learned to imitate the ripple of the Tiber and the sighing of the breezes through the ilex foliage of the orchards of H. Flaccus.

Why did Orpheus play upon a reed when he caused the geese, goats, and spring chickens to forget all sense of danger and fly into his lap and fall asleep on his shirt-front?

The answer is a simple one: he did n't have a Sohmer. If he had sat down to this matchless piano and played even 'The Last Rose of Sohmer,' he would have got such results that he would have screamed with joy: "Oh, Sohmer, your forte is your piano!"

A lady was recently playing on a



Sohmer out in Ohio recently, and all the dogs in the neighborhood came in and jumped down through the cellar window. She had been playing: "Kaiser, Don't You Want to Buy a Dog?" Her husband was the dog-poundmaster, and that's the way they captured the dogs.

She frequently lures quail and woodcock out of the woods in the same way, so that they almost get a living out of the piano, which is justly regarded as the main support of the family.

With a Sohmer your spirits can not droop. You can get more pleasure and inspiration out of it than you could out of a brass band or an entire opera company. You can get out of it imitations of every thing in nature, from the roar of the ocean to the tinkling of a rill; from the wind moaning through the naked trees to the patter of rain on the crisp autumn leaves. It is grand, it is square, it is upright, and no home is a home without it.

It is to a home what the bill is to a stork or a plumber. When a king hears it he does n't know whether he has a crown on his hair or no hair on his crown. When you hear the airy ripple of one of Mendelssohn's songs without words stealing Sohmerrily from the keys, you feel that after all life is worth living. It is a joy and a delight, and a thing of boundless beauty. A drawing-room without it is like a reindeer without legs, or a peacock without a tail.

Advantages of Heating with a HOT WATER APPARATUS.

[Continued from Page 77, PUCK, No. 551.]

FINALLY.—The Hot Water System of Heating is not a new thing. It has been in practical operation for many years, and is almost universally used in the large Government Buildings in this country, and has been for many years used in the large cities of Canada—Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa—and in the British Provinces. It has given the very best satisfaction in the extreme cold climates of those places, and it has met with great favor in the New England States where adopted. It is being rapidly and successfully introduced in New York, Chicago, Detroit, Kansas City, Portland, Oregon, and numerous other cities. It merely needs to be seen and its advantages known to become more universally adopted. The introduction of Hot Water Heating in a single building invariably leads to the general adoption of the system in the town or vicinity where such building is located, to the exclusion of Hot Air and Steam Heating. The first cost of a Hot Water Apparatus is somewhat more than that of the ordinary Hot Air Furnace, and about the same as that of a Steam Plant (all things being equal), but the advantages as set forth, far more than compensate for the extra expense, and the saving in fuel will soon actually make up the difference.

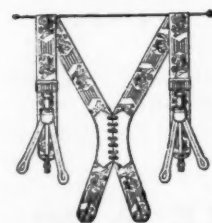
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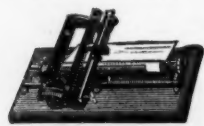
Report of ARMIN VARNAI to the President of the "Tolcsva Association for Grape Culture and Wine Production." (Copied from the number of November 28th, 1886, of the *Magyar Kereskedelmi Lapja*, or, the "Organ of the Hungarian Merchants.")

"... We have to make mention of one laudable exception among the purchasers of genuine Tokay Wines, and this is the firm of A. HELLER & CO., in Buda-Pesth and New York. The aforementioned world-renowned house, as in former years, spares no efforts to secure the best and purest qualities right here in the valleys of the Tokay Mountains, regardless of the prices asked by the growers. The New York Branch of A. HELLER & CO. (A. Heller & Bro., 35 & 37 Broad Street, and 307 & 309 E. 54th Street), by the way, deserves great credit for having popularized on the other side of the Atlantic the judgment and acknowledgement for genuine Tokay Wines and Aszu, and at the same time opening a market for these articles in the New World. . . ."

ZEMPLÉN, the Official Gazette of the Local Government of the Province of Zemplén, speaks on the same subject as follows:

"... The judgment for genuine Tokay Wines is in America more general than in the capital of Hungary. During a period of ten years not nearly as great a quantity of that noblest of wines has been shipped to Buda-Pesth, as the New York Branch of A. HELLER & CO. has imported yearly, and, what is more, they were exclusively of prime quality and mellow old age."

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CHICAGO MAN.—Yes; I've done first-rate lately. I joined the Anarchist society.

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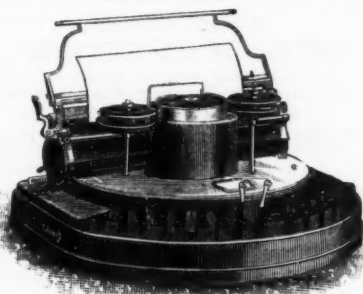
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"Why, that happened a hundred years ago!"

"Yes."

"And they are just getting on to it! Well, if that ain't Philadelphia all over!"—*Washington Critic.*

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First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

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CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.

An Interesting Comparison of THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Brauereien and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here.

According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.)	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna	299,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich	235,950
6. Liesing Action Brewery, Vienna	170,764

Total, 1,670,564.

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the period covered by the official report from which the above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons of beer, equaling

410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.

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"ALGERNON BETTS.
Cigarettes:
Aged 19, A. D., 1888."
—Cleveland White.

A KENTUCKY man is in luck. His legs having begun to ossify last winter are now wholly insensible to pain, and he has received several flattering offers to become a base-ball umpire.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A BROTHER in prayer meeting in a neighboring town the other night prayed for the absent who were prostrated on beds of sickness and sofas of wellness.—*Rutland Herald.*

YOUNG MAN.—Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter, sir?

OLD MAN (*firmly*).—No, sir; not a cent!—*Harper's Bazar.*

ONLY thirty-three kegs of beer were consumed by one thousand people who attended the Anarchist picnic on Sunday. It is clear that anarchy in Chicago is not what it used to be.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Whether you prefer the sea breeze or the bracing mountain air for your summer vacation you should not omit to provide yourself with a bottle of **Angostura Bitters** which is the acknowledged standard regulator of the digestive organs. Be sure to get the genuine article manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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